Lost In Transit

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Lost In Transit

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Reader and mosti fwb

Notes

Hihihi

As of this being posted I have graduated from my basic combat training!

Thank you all so very much for the love and support that's been sent my way through letters and such! I've written and stockpiled a very large collection of fics, ideas, summaries, etc over that time so once I'm in ait I'll see if I can post more

I'm on my family day time right now so I just thought I would transfer something from my notebook so enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

The desert sun is finally beginning to dip toward the horizon, painting the jagged sandstone skyline of the Sargonian trade hub in bruised purples and deep, bleeding oranges.

The oppressive heat of midday has mellowed into a dry, lingering warmth that clings to the stone walls of your shop. It’s been a remarkably good day; the coin pouch at your hip feels heavy, a satisfying weight earned from hours of serving spiced meats and breads to the steady stream of merchants and mercenaries passing through.

You wipe down the scarred wooden counter with a coarse rag, already mentally tallying the inventory for tomorrow. You’re ahead of schedule. The evening rush is tapering off, and the thought of flipping the "Open" sign early to enjoy a moment of quiet—perhaps a rare moment to yourself before your wife returns from her own errands—is the only thing keeping your tired muscles moving.

You reach for the latch of the shutters, but your movement freezes.

Among the drab browns, ochres, and dusty greys of the moving crowd, a flash of vibrant, layered blue cuts through the haze like a knife. Your stomach performs a familiar, traitorous somersault that you immediately bury under a thick layer of irritation. You know that messy silhouette, the oversized black coat that shouldn't make sense in this climate, and the way the crowd seems to subtly part around her as if she’s moving through a different stream of time.

"Not today," you mutter under your breath, your grip tightening on the rag.

You move with renewed urgency to latch the window, but she’s faster. Before you can slide the shutter home, a pale hand, encased in a white glove, rests lightly on the sill. She doesn't push; she just exists there, a permanent fixture you can’t seem to shake.

Mostima leans in, her eyes bright and infuriatingly calm, a wry smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

"Woah! Closing up already? And here I thought I’d made it just in time for the best hospitality in Sargon," she says, her voice just as smooth, as if it hadn’t been months since the last time you’d seen her.

"We’re closed," you snap, not meeting her eyes. You keep your focus on the counter, scrubbing a spot that is already perfectly clean. "Go

find a canteen in the lower district. I'm sure they have some leftover scraps for you."

Mostima tilts her head, her dark, curved horns catching the dying sunlight. She pointedly looks at the wooden sign hanging by the door. "Funny. I could have sworn the sign said 'Open.' My eyesight must be failing me after all those miles on the road. "

"The sign is wrong. I'm the owner, and I'm telling you: the kitchen is cold. Get out, Mostima."

She doesn't move. Instead, she sighs heavily, a dramatic, performative sound that echoes through the small space. She sags against the window frame, resting her chin on her hand, looking for all the world like a kicked dog.

"Oh, really? Truly? After I drove through a sandstorm near the border just to get a taste of your signature spice blend? I haven't had a real meal since I left Lungmen," she laments, her tone dripping with mock tragedy. "I'm practically fading away. If I collapse from hunger right here on your doorstep, it'll be terrible for business you know. Think of all the paperwork."

"I'll drag your body to the gutter myself. It'll be the most peace I've had all year," you retort, finally looking at her.

She offers a wink, her blue tongue darting out briefly to moisten her lips—a casual gesture that makes your pulse spike with annoyance. She stays there, bugging you, leaning further into your space until her presence fills the shop window.

"Fine." you growl, throwing the rag down with a wet thwack. "But I'm charging you four times the usual price. Take it or leave it."

Mostima beams, the "distress" vanishing instantly. She reaches into a pocket of her coat and pulls out a handful of currency, tossing a few high-value coins onto the wood. They spin and settle with a rhythmic ring.

"Only four times? You're getting soft," she chuckles, her voice dropping into that low, intimate register that always makes your skin prickle. "I'd pay ten times the price just to watch you grumble while you cook. Besides, your food is the only thing in this desert that actually has some bite to it. Go on then. I'm starving."

You snatch the coins up, your jaw set tight. "Sit down and shut up.

And don't touch anything."

"Wouldn't dream of it," she lies easily, sliding into the seat by the window and watching you with an unreadable, steady gaze as you begrudgingly reignite the burner.

But even as sizzle of the pan fills the silence, you can feel her eyes on your back, heavy and expectant.

You move with a practiced, aggressive efficiency, the clatter of your tongs against the metal providing a sharp staccato to Mostima's rhythmic rambling. You keep your back turned, shoulders tense, trying to project a wall of pure, icy silence, but Mostima has always been an expert at scaling walls.

"You know, the street food in Victoria is so dreadfully bland," she sighs, the sound of her boots swinging rhythmically against the base of the counter filling the room. "Everything is boiled or buried in some sort of heavy cream. I was sitting in a park in Londinium three days ago, staring at a plate of well… something, and all I could think about was this little stall in Sargon and the way you always over-season the food just to spite me."

"I over-season them because your palate is as numb as your personality," you snap, flicking a spray of oil into the pan with more force than necessary. "Keep your eyes on the street, Mostima. I'm not your tour guide."

"Oh, I'm aware," she chuckles, the sound light and airy, drifting over your shoulder like a phantom. "But you're such a captive audience when you're cooking. You have that little vein in your forehead that starts to throb when I talk too much. It's charming, really. It lets me know you're actually listening to me instead of just wishing I'd get hit by a car."

"I can do both," you mutter, flipping the meat.

She hums a low, thoughtful note. "I saw a few of those bandits on the way in. Nasty people. They reminded me of you—prickly, territorial, and prone to biting if someone gets too close." She pauses, her tone shifting into something more teasingly pointed. "I wonder if your wife appreciates that side of you. Or does she only get the 'reserved and quiet' version? It must be exhausting for you, keeping all that venom bottled up until I roll into town to draw it out."

The pan slams onto the burner with a deafening clang. You whirl

around, the spatula held like a weapon, your face flushed from the heat of the stove and sheer, rising fury. "Shut your mouth, Mostima. You don't know anything about my life here. You're a ghost. You show up, you make a mess, and you leave. You don't get to comment on my way of living."

Mostima doesn't flinch. She doesn't even move. She just leans back, her dim, black halo shimmering slightly in the shadows of the shop, her expression one of mild, detached amusement. "Touched a nerve?"

"Eat and get out," you hiss, sliding the plate across the wooden counter with enough force that it stops inches from her stomach.

The dish is steaming, a mountain of spiced meat, charred vegetables, and warm flatbread. Mostima looks down at it, her cyan eyes widening with what looks like genuine, if exaggerated, relish. She picks up a piece of the meat with her fingers, ignoring the heat, and slides it into her mouth.

She makes a show of it—deliberate, slow, and agonizingly theatrical. Her eyes flutter shut, and you watch the muscles of her throat move as she swallows.

Then, her tongue darts out, sweeping across her bottom lip to catch a stray drop of oil, lingering there for a second too long as she tastes the spice.

"Gods," she whispers, leaning forward over the plate. "I'd almost forgotten. The heat, the salt... it's perfect. You really do hate me, don't you? No one cooks this well for someone they actually like. There's too much passion in the seasoning."

"Shut up and chew," you growl, but you can't look away. You hate the way she eats—the way she treats a simple meal like this.

She continues to pick at the plate, hums of approval vibrating in her chest. She talks between bites, describing the ruins of Kazdel or some obscure secret she overheard in a Lungmen tea house, acting as if your previous outburst never happened. It's her greatest weapon: that terrifying, nonchalant distance. Nothing sticks to her. No insult, no rage, no hatred.

She is a void that smiles back at you.

Finally, the plate is clean. Mostima leans back, licking the tips of her gloved fingers with a soft, wet sound before resting her chin in her

palms. The shop is quiet now, the street outside falling into the hushed lull of the night. The flickering lamp above the counter casts long, dancing shadows across her face, making her blue eyes look almost predatory.

"That hit the spot," she says softly. Then, without a hint of shame or a change in her casual tone, she tilts her head. "So… do you want to do it tonight? The van isn't really all that comfortable, and I've really missed the way you try to bruise me when you're angry."

The question hangs in the air, heavy and suffocating. Your heart hammers against your ribs—a frantic, guilty rhythm. You think of the quiet house waiting for you, the stability of your life.

You should say no. You should throw her out and bolt the door.

Your hand trembles slightly as you reach for the rag to clean the counter, your voice coming out hoarse and betrayed by your own body. "…"

You didn't even make it past the narrow, shadow-drenched hallway leading to your front door before the pretense of "begrudging" snapped like dry kindling.

Mostima's back hit the mud-brick wall with a dull thud, and your hands were on her instantly, bunching the fabric of that oversized black coat, molding yourself into her. She didn't wait for permission. Her mouth crashed against yours, tasting of the sharp spices you'd just fed her and that strange, coolness that always seemed to cling to her skin.

"F-fuck… Slow... down," you growled into the hollow of her throat, your teeth grazing her skin as you fumbled with the hem of her shirt. Your fingers dove beneath the fabric, finding the surprising warmth of her waist, your nails digging in with a possessive, frustrated bite.

"Make me," she breathed, her voice a ragged vibration against your lips. She sounded wrecked, her usual polished nonchalance fraying at the edges. Her gloved hands were everywhere, roaming over your

curves with a desperate, practiced greed, pulling you flush against the tactical gear at her hips.

You shoved her back further into the dark corridor, your heart hammering a frantic rhythm against your ribs.

"You're a parasite, Mostima. A literal blight on my life."

"And yet, here you are," she countered, her cyan eyes glowing like twin embers in the dark. She leaned forward, her tongue darting out to trace the line of your jaw before plunging back into your mouth. It was overwhelming—suffocating. She moved with a fluid, relentless hunger, her tongue slick and agile, swirling against yours until you felt dizzy, your lungs burning for a breath she wouldn't grant.

She nipped at your lower lip, a sharp sting that drew a muffled moan from your throat. You reached into your pocket, fingers trembling as you clawed for the small metal key to your door. It should have been easy, but Mostima made the simple task an ordeal. She draped herself over you, her weight pinning you against the wood of the doorframe, her mouth migrating to your ear.

"Hurry up," she murmured, her breath hot and damp. "Unless you want to give the neighbors a show. I don't mind. I've never been big on privacy."

"Mmngf—! Let me—" you hissed, nearly dropping the key as she bit down on the sensitive tendon of your neck. You shoved your forearm against her chest, putting enough force into it to actually crack her against the wall again. "Fuck! Just wait, for like five seconds, stop being such a greedy prick so I can actually open the damn door!"

Mostima leaned her head back and laughed, a low, melodic sound that felt like a mockery of your struggle. She held up her hands in a faux gesture of surrender, her wings shimmering dimly in the cramped space.

"Got a bit of a temper tonight. I'm just trying to help you let it out. "

"Go to hell," you spat, finally jamming the key into the lock and twisting it with a violent click.

The door swung inward to the dark, quiet sanctuary of your home—a place that felt suddenly tainted by the blue-haired storm following you inside. Before you could even kick the door shut, Mostima was a weight on your back again. She didn't wait for an invitation. She

hooked her arms around your neck from behind, leaning her chin on your shoulder, her chest pressing firmly into your spine.

You leaned back into her, your head falling against her shoulder despite your internal protests. You could feel the hard edges of her staves pressing into your lower back, a reminder of exactly how dangerous and alien she really was.

"I hate you," you whispered, turning your head just enough to meet her gaze.

"I know," Mostima smiled, her tongue flickering out to taste the salt on your skin. "It's my favorite thing about us. Now, are you going to keep complaining, or are you going to show me exactly how much you've missed me?"

The door hadn't even fully clicked shut before you were tangled together again, the pitch-black corridor of your home becoming a battlefield of frantic hands and labored breathing. There was no grace in it—only the raw, desperate friction of two people who had been simmering in mutual resentment and redirected lust for months.

Your hands tore at the heavy fabric of her coat. You shoved the garment off her shoulders, letting it heap onto the floor like a dead skin. Mostima was just as relentless, her gloved fingers fumbling with the fastenings of your top, her breathing coming in sharp, jagged hitches against the sensitive skin of your shoulder.

"You're... fucking… god," you gasped, your voice breaking as she bit into you again. You finally managed to yank her shirt upward, pulling it over her head and tossing it blindly into the dark.

As the fabric cleared, the dim, bioluminescent glow of her halo cast a faint, ethereal light over her torso. Your breath hitched. Spreading across her pale chest were those neat, slivered scars.

With a sudden, explosive surge of strength, Mostima hooked her arms under your thighs and hoisted you up. Your back slammed against the wall, and you instinctively wrapped your legs around her waist, locking her in. The contact was electric—the heat of her skin against your inner thighs making your head swim.

"Careful," you hissed, but your hands were buried in her blue hair, pulling her head toward yours.

"Didn't know you were so fragile," she challenged, her eyes wide and

wild.

She didn't wait for the retort. Her mouth was back on yours, and that long tongue was a predatory force, devouring your protests. It was a suffocating, wet heat that tasted of copper and adrenaline. You bit back, hard enough to make her grunt, but she only pressed closer, her scarred chest crushing against your breasts, her heart drumming a frantic rhythm against your own.

Her hands were everywhere—grabbing, bruising, tracing the line of your hips with a hunger that felt like it was trying to consume your very soul. You felt yourself melting, the cold, hard shell of your facade dissolving into a liquid, aching need. You hated how easily she did this.

"Mostima..." you whimpered against her lips, your grip on her shoulders tightening until your knuckles turned white.

"I'm right here." she whispered, her voice ragged as she buried her face in the crook of your neck, her horns grazing your temple. "Just hold still, yeah?"

She shifted her hold, her fingers digging into the meat of your ass as she adjusted you against the wall, her intentions crystal clear in the way she ground her hips into yours.

Just for a little longer.

Just a bit.

End Notes

Mostima is so hot gyatttt damn I need him frfr like you don't understand

That's literally my tmasc emotionally distant husband anyways yeah hi hello what's up I'll be back soon maybe just a lot less frequently

Anyways thanks for reading

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